

kiss my scars (away) by orangecoconut

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Genre: Billy Pining, Drug Use, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, M/M, Real Fluffy tbh, but they did happen, neither take place like In this fic

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Summary:

He isn't sure when it happened. When Steve Harrington became his best friend. Maybe it was when he started spending so much more time at Harrington's house than his own, and food and beer he liked miraculously started appearing in the fridge. Maybe it was when he showed up at four am with a bruise forming on his face and his shirt ripped at the sleeve. Maybe it was when Steve quietly told him about all the things that go bump in the night while the sun rose over the trees. Maybe maybe maybe.

All Billy knows for sure is that, as he lays here under the heat of the Indiana summer sun (not as good as California's, but better than the cold), next to Harrington's pool as the two boys pass a joint between each other, he's probably the happiest he's been in a while.

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Author's Note:

- For [CrownedKingLewis](#).

heed tag warnings please xoxo

Billy apologized to Steve for ruining his face on New Years Eve. They were both at the same party, both wasted, and both dealing with personal demons the other had no idea about. He catches Harrington on the edge of what might be a panic attack, hiding out in the dark shadows that make up the side of Jessica Henley's house. Billy had gone out there to smoke a cigarette without getting assaulted by this, that, or they. He hadn't even realized Harrington had gone to the party, much less expected to find him slumped up against cool brick with his eyes closed tight and chest lifting with erratic breaths.

It was only a few minutes 'til twelve, and Billy thought about just turning around before Harrington noticed him. Then he accidentally snapped a twig, and huge brown eyes flew open, the pretty face they were attached to screwing up in annoyance and vague disgust as soon as Harrington recognized who Billy was. He opens his mouth to probably tell him to fuck off, but before he can, Billy pulls a crumpled pack of smokes from his jacket pocket and offers one out in silence.

Maybe it's because he's wasted. Maybe it's because he's had a good week. Or maybe it's because both his psycho step-sister *and* the fat chief of police threatened him to make amends. The reason didn't matter, not in the end, not to either of them.

"The nicotine always helps me," he explained, letting the *when i'm about to have a panic attack* bit fall to the wayside. Harrington wouldn't care about the details, not right then, and maybe not ever. "Take it as an apology for fucking up your face." He let himself smile as he said it, grin crooked and absolutely drunk, but sincere.

Exactly one minute and thirty-three seconds passed before Harrington reached out and accepted the offered truce.

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It's not like they were best friends after that. In fact, they mostly went back to ignoring each other, but without the added hostility in the air whenever they passed each other in the halls.

Then, about a month later, Billy apologizes to Lucas Sinclair too, and the next time he's waiting outside the Arcade for Max to finish up, Harrington climbs onto his hood without permission and offers out his own cigarette. To this day, Billy still isn't sure if that was his own echo of their truce or what, but he accepted the smoke nevertheless and even refrained from telling Harrington what a shit brand Kool was.

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Until about a week later when they shared one after dropping the brats off at the movies and Billy said, "Harrington, you have all the money in the fucking world and you *still* choose to buy shit brands? What a waste."

Steve's response was a quick, "Fuck you," a shove, and an added, "If you don't like 'em, don't smoke 'em," before promptly reaching out to take it back, forcing Billy to dodge him, hold the cigarette out of his reach and go,

"Don't be such a *priss*. Unlike *you*, I take what I can get."

The priss comment gets him shoved off the BMW. The shove gets Harrington chased around the car until they're both too winded and busy coughing up their lungs to keep going after each other.

That was the beginning of February. By the time June arrives, Billy Hargrove and Steve Harrington are more or less inseparable. The lunch table that once only sat Harrington, Byers, and Wheeler, ended up sitting them, plus Billy and the entire basketball team by the time the school year came to an end. Even Tommy got his head out of his ass by around late March, or early April, and sat down.

Billy was a right fucking nuisance at Harrington's graduation too. Technically, it's Steve's and Tommy's, but everyone knows why Billy is there. Why he sits up in the stands, stuffed between six kids, a mother, a cop, and an annoyingly in-love couple just to whoop and holler when Harrington's name is called and he walks across the stage. He's only out-done by Henderson, who despite getting frisked at the door, still somehow managed to sneak a fucking portable air horn in.

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Harrington is right beside him, one hand dangling off the side of the pool to draw patterns in the water, those stupid sunglasses he loves so much hiding his eyes as he hums along to Duran Duran coming from the stereo. He's gorgeous, which is a fact Billy knew from the first time he saw him, but still gets fucked up over in moments like these. Soft, peaceful, beautiful kind of moments that he only ever saw in the books he read until he met Steve Harrington. Steve Harrington

who was effortlessly beautiful, and kind, and good, and yet still somehow chose to be friends with *Billy*. Who forgave him for his nature and liked him in spite of it.

Billy tries desperately, on a daily basis, not to get wax poetic about his best friend, but he finds it especially hard when he's high and happy. He's particularly distracted by a mole on Steve's shoulder, so distracted in fact, that he doesn't realize Steve's been trying to ask him a question until two fingers, wet and cold from the water of the pool, poke his hip.

He jumps, the cool touch a stark difference against his scorching skin, and jerks his gaze back to Harrington's face, who is now sitting up on his elbows and shooting him a curious look over the rim of his sunglasses. Absently, and maybe for the first time, Billy can see why people compare Steve to Tom Cruise.

"What?"

"I asked about this—" his fingers prod again, and Billy drops his gaze. Harrington's fingers are brushing over his hip. More specifically, they're brushing over a small, white scar sliced into tan skin.

"The scar?"

He hums, nods, and asks, "Did... how'd you get it?" Steve pauses, then adds a little quieter, "Did your dad—"

Snorting, Billy shakes his head and sits up on his elbows too, "Nah. That one was all me."

The brunette seems to relax a little, "What'd you do?"

"You know slip'n'slides that rich people have?"

"I don't think only rich people have 'em, but sure."

"Shut up, you *are* a rich people." Steve scrunches his nose and Billy ignores the desire he has to reach out and pinch it. "Anyway. I was like fourteen? And it was the hottest fucking day in July and me and my friends couldn't go to the beach 'cause our parents were working so we were *dying*—" Harrington rolls his eyes and Billy flicks him in

the neck, cackling when Steve yelps and hits him back. “Hey– quit it, ‘m tellin’ a story here– anyway. We all decided we wanted a slip’n’slide. ‘Cept none of us could afford one. We were real close to the junkyard, though, where there were a bunch of like real thin pieces of metal so–”

“–Billy. You fucking didn’t.”

“Shh, I’m not done.”

“A fucking *piece of metal*, oh my god–”

“Shut it!” He shoves the unlit end of the joint between Harrington’s lips to shut him up, it works, and so Billy continues. “We carried two pieces back to mine, put the hose *and* soap on ‘em to make it extra slippery.”

“Let me guess,” he says around the joint, and Billy is pretty sure he’s going to kill Harrington’s No-Fucking-Manners ass for not letting him finish, again, “You went first?”

“Course I went first.” He sounds proud, he probably shouldn’t be. “Turns out, the edges of even the thinnest metal can be real fuckin’ sharp.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

“I cut up my thigh too.” He sits up a little more as he says it, tilting his leg so Steve can see another thin scar, similar to the last but longer, on the curve of his thigh of the same leg. Steve makes a sound that both comes off concerned and judgmental. A sound only Steve Harrington can pull off. “Needed stitches for that one.”

“You, Billy Hargrove, are an absolute idiot.”

With a shit-eating grin, Billy reaches out to steal back the joint, shrugs, then flops back down onto the towel. “I got more scars than that, Harrington, it ain’t a big deal.”

“Were all of them gotten as stupidly as those two?”

“Maybe, maybe not.”

“Like what?”

Billy shrugs, “I dunno’, pick one, asshole.”

Harrington scrunches up his nose again and Billy laments his life while the brunette looks him over before he reaches out to poke at a scar on his side. It’s smaller than the one of his hip, but a bit jagged. “This one?”

He grunts, “Got shoved into a particularly sharp counter–” opening one eye, Billy glances up at Steve through his aviators as he blows out a lungful of smoke “–one guess as to by who.”

Full lips turn down into a frown before Steve moves on, “And this?” he asks, resting a finger on a scar just underneath Billy’s nipple. Billy, of course, does a real good job pretending like that doesn’t make his cock jump.

“Tried to pierce my own nipple once. Spoiler: it’s harder than piercing your own ear.”

“*Oh my god–*” Harrington, like the rude bitch he is, falls apart into a fit of high laughter, and if it wasn’t such a pretty sound, Billy would punch him for it.

He punches him anyway. Right in the shoulder.

Harrington takes it and keeps laughing, rubbing at his arm as he tries to sober up, “God you’re so dumb, I’m– okay, okay, just– don’t hit me again, *christ–*” the giggles reside and Steve reaches for Billy’s inner arm. “–what about these?”

It’s self-control that stops Billy from visibly flinching at the touch, but Steve doesn’t miss the way the playful irritation slips from Billy’s skin, replaced by something uneasy and tense. He immediately tries to back track, “You don’t have to–” but Billy thinks *fuck it*, because this is Harrington, his *best fucking friend*, so.

He sighs, takes a deep breath, and avoids both Steve’s gaze and the three little circular burn marks on his inner arm. “Two of ‘em are from my dad after he caught me smoking for the first time.” If Billy were to glance over in that moment, he’d see recognition dawn on

Steve's face over the pattern of the small burns. Billy, however, does not look over, so all he notices is silence and tries to fill it by adding, "Dunno' why he stopped there. I guess when he realized I was still smokin' he thought maybe it'd just kill me quick and save him the trouble."

More silence is all he gets until Billy hazards a look at Steve, whose sunglasses are now perched on his head, and his eyes are soft, and sad, and still on the burns in his Billy's arm. "What about the third one?"

Ah. Right. That one.

He'd been fighting the urge to pull away up until now, and finally gives in, turning his arm like he wants to hide it before shrugging. "Me, I guess."

"You?"

"Yeah, me. I did it."

"You... burned yourself."

"Mhm."

Steve licks his lips, careful and slow like he's buying himself time before he asks, "Why?" and of course, Billy had been expecting that question, and it sucked because he didn't have a good answer. He had no fucking idea why he did it. Why does he do anything that hurts him? Why does he punch mirrors, or beat his knuckles into trees until they split open? Why does he pull on his hair until his scalp burns, or rest his hand over the flame of his lighter for just a little to long?

"I don't know." It sounds like a bullshit answer, like a cop-out, but it isn't, and there must be a sincere tone in there *somewhere* because Harrington ends up looking like he believes him. "I just... did it."

This brings the silence back, and Billy feels like squirming underneath it. He feels stupid, *pathetic*. Plenty of people went through what he's been through and didn't fucking hurt themselves. He knew that, but that didn't make it easier, didn't make his life less difficult

or his anger easier to deal with. It didn't- "Let me see."

"What?"

"Let me see," Steve repeats, hand open expectantly, eyes dropping to Billy's arm before lifting back to his face. "Please?"

Billy considers saying no, it's on the tip of his tongue. He holds out his arm instead.

Harrington takes it real gentle, like it's broken or something, and turns the limb over in his hand so he can see the three circular scars. He sits just like that for a moment, just *looking*, and Billy can't help but feel more and more uncomfortable as time ticks by. Like he's being scrutinized. He opens his mouth to say something, but Harrington finally makes a move, and it both kills whatever comment Billy was about to give, and melts his fucking brain at the same time.

He leans down and presses the most gentle kiss Billy's ever received right onto the top of the scars. His lips linger for a moment, just long enough for the warmth of them to seep into Billy's skin and leave him breathless. There's nothing sexual about it, which is maybe the weirdest part. It's kind, and sweet, and loving, but not sexual. And Billy's just *staring staring staring*, his mind in the middle of short-circuiting over the unfamiliar affection, when Steve lifts his head back up, looks at him, and goes, "Was that okay?"

Billy blinks three or four times then goes, "Yeah," and Harrington offers a smile so soft and kind and good that it makes Billy want to crawl out of his fucking skin and ascend to heaven.

He's so fucking amazing, so awestruck by Steve Harrington, that Billy forgets to check himself before he goes, "I can't believe Wheeler didn't love you." And there's two ways that statement could be taken.

The first is that Billy's purposely trying to bring something painful from Steve's past back up in an effort to change the topic or get the brunette angry at him so that this unfamiliar softness with end. That'd be a perfectly reasonable conclusion to come to, too, since it's something Billy would have absolutely done only a few months ago.

However, if you know Billy *now* (and he's starting to think Steve *does*, which is also terrifying) you may also consider a second option. An option in which *I can't believe Wheeler didn't love you* actually means, *I can't believe Wheeler didn't love you because I love you so fucking much it hurts*.

It's not hard to figure out which option Harrington goes with, since instead of looking angry and irritated, he smiles in a way that's a little shy and way too pretty and goes, "Her loss, I guess," and Billy has to stop himself from asking, *but is it **my** gain?*

Then he adds, "Are there more?"

And Billy knows what he's implying so he licks his lips and says, "Depends. You gonna' kiss all those too?"

"Maybe." Christ.

"Yeah, pretty boy, there's more." He probably would have admitted to that either way, but the opportunity to get Harrington's mouth back on him was not one Billy was willing to pass up.

"Show me."

And Billy– because he's a masochist who also happens to be in some form of love with his best friend– does.

Author's Note:

i know, i'm adding this old ass fic /finally/, and another old ass one to ao3. bare with me, i'm lazy. sorry to disappoint anyone who maybe thought this was new lol. i just don't wanna lose anything.

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